

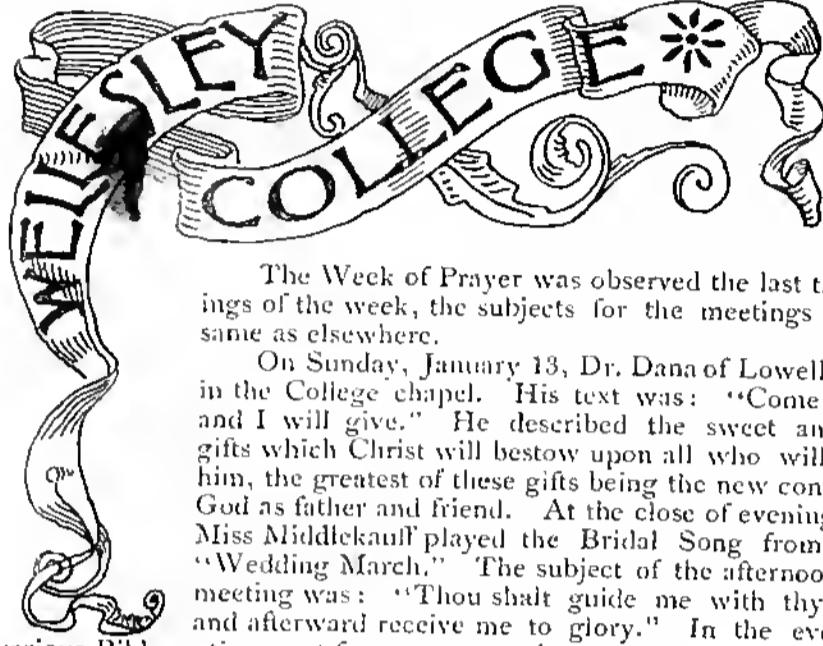
The COURANT

College Edition.

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WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The Week of Prayer was observed the last three evenings of the week, the subjects for the meetings being the same as elsewhere.

On Sunday, January 13, Dr. Dana of Lowell preached in the College chapel. His text was: "Come unto me, and I will give." He described the sweet and blessed gifts which Christ will bestow upon all who will come to him, the greatest of these gifts being the new conception of God as father and friend. At the close of evening prayers, Miss Middlekauff played the Bridal Song from Jensen's "Wedding March." The subject of the afternoon prayer-meeting was: "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." In the evening, the various Bible sections met for prayer-meetings.

Dr. Shinn's Lecture.

To the students of History of Art and others interested in that study, Rev. Dr. Shinn of Newton delivered a lecture on Saturday, Jan. 12, his subject being a discussion of "Christian Architecture as developed from the Upper Room to the Gothic Cathedral."

He spoke of the transition from the large reception room of some private house, used by the Christian Fathers, to the gloomy, sepulchral chamber of the Catacombs surrounded on all sides by the shrouded dead. The tolerance of Constantine gave countenance to Christian worship, and architectural freedom had its birth in the basilica church of the fourth century. From the flat, high roof and plain lines of this oblong building, came the dome with its attendant rounded arch and barrel vault, still prevalent in Russia and other parts of eastern Europe, where few architectural changes are found. In the west, the freer, intellectual and social life endowed the artist with a lighter fancy than shown in the solid masonry of his Byzantine brother, and in the Gothic cathedrals of England, France and Germany, culminated the highest range of taste as expressed in the groining of Westminster Abbey or the spirals and finials of Cologne cathedral. Dr. Shinn alluded to the display of wealth found in the decoration of the early churches, the remains of which show lavishness of color and luxury of design, in such marked contrast to the stone pile of the 15th and 16th centuries, whose sombreness was relieved only by the light from its painted windows; of the rapid growth of design, rather than of construction, from the days of early Norman to the Perpendicular; and of the profusion of skill spent on the delicate tracery of portal and window, spire and column.

Professor Niles' Fourth Lecture.

Saturday, January 12, the fourth lecture of this course was given, the subject being: "The Physical Geography of Germany." The speaker first touched upon the location of Germany with reference to its commercial importance.

Although it has no port on the Atlantic, and the Baltic Sea is difficult of navigation, yet Hamburg, its commercial centre, is the most important commercial city of Europe. This is due to the enterprise of the German people. Germany, too, has no natural boundaries on the east and west, and so the people are dependent on themselves for protection. It is idle and misleading to call Germany "a great military encampment." There is a natural cause and a good reason for her large standing army. It is in reality a peace-preserving power. The Professor then went on to speak of the relief of the land. The land slopes northward from the Alps, gradually but not evenly, to the North Sea. Germany is not a geographical unit. The different sections of the country are varied and different in character, and it naturally follows that each region or community has a history and character of its own.

We find for example in the Harz Mountains, curious, fanciful superstitions about the spirits dwelling on the mist-clad summits, and the dwarfs and kobolds delving for hidden treasures in mysterious underground caverns. Besides the mountains and forests, the rivers of Germany influence to a great extent the lives of the people. Most of the rivers rise in the south, hence their upper waters melt earlier in the spring and rush in torrents towards their icebound outlets. Freshets and inundations follow, and consequently many of the villages are built on little eminences, and it is no unusual sight, during the summer, to see boats fastened high and dry, near the houses, with no visible means of locomotion. Spring freshets, however, would soon make them useful. One curious fact about the rivers of Germany is their parallelism, caused by geological changes. The Rhine, the great national water highway, rising in the Alps, flows northward, through diversified countries, giving them all a certain similarity. The upper Rhine, between Bau and Bingen, flows through a low valley, once a lake, and here the river, instead of being allowed to meander in and out, and endanger the health and safety of the inhabitants, flows in a canal, made by the great industry of the people.

Next we see the most interesting part of the river's course, "the castled Rhine," and lastly the Lower Rhine, with low, fertile lands on each side. Here we find carbonaceous rocks, the most important coal field in Germany; smooth, rolling hills, admirably adapted to agriculture, and largely due to these great natural blessings, the most wealthy district in the country. Passing on we come to the great northern plain, swampy, sandy and lying many small lakes. Geology gives us a reason for this character. In early times glaciers swept over the entire district, depositing sand and rocks. There are often great inundations from the sea, and here it is that we find the amber which supplies the markets of the world. Amber is a fossil gum. When the primeval forests were submerged, the resin fossilized, and at the present time the amber trade is one of the great industries of the people. So in this case the geological character affects the life and habits of the people. It is an interesting lesson to trace the influences of the physical features of the country upon the nation and we find that Germany, by industry and enterprise, conquering the adverse natural characteristics of the land, and making the most of favorable features, stands to-day one of the great empires of the world.

The Monday Evening Concert.

The concert of sacred music given in Chapel by the choir of the Old South Church, Monday evening, was a musical treat well appreciated by all hearers, and its impressiveness was greatly increased by the absence of applause. The sudden hush following a selection which moved the audience must have been quite as flattering an expression of appreciation as noisy applause could have been.

The perfect harmony of the four voices produced a most beautiful effect, especially in the anthem, "O Come Before His Presence With Singing," and their excellent rendering of two familiar hymns reminded us how strong a hold such well known hymns have upon everyone.

The selections from Handel's "Messiah" are perhaps the finest parts

of that grand oratorio and were exceptionally well rendered. Mr. Babcock's solo, "Why do the Nations so Furiously Rage," was worthy to call forth the remark: "I think that was almost the most beautiful thing I ever heard," for the idea of almost limitless depth and power given by his voice lends a charm not easily surpassed. The Pastoral Symphony is one whose beauty increases with each hearing, and the following recitation by Mrs. Tippett, culminating in the joyous burst of melody in "Glory to God," produced a very fine effect. Following is the programme:

Organ Prelude, Allegro Moderato.....	Smart
Anteum, "O come before His presence with Singing".....	Martin
Two Hymns, "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing".....	Moir
SOPRANO SOLO AND QUARTETTE.	
"The Lord my Shepherd is".....	Barnby
Christmas Song.....	Carr
MRS. TIPPETT.	
Festival Te Deum.....	Buck
Selections from the "Messiah".....	Handel
Recitative.....	
Air.....	{ "Comfort Ye,"
Air.....	{ "Every Valley,"
MR. WANT.	
Air.....	"He was Despised."
MISS HOW.	
Air.....	"Why do the Nations?"
MR. BARCOCK.	
Organ.....	Pastoral Symphony.
MR. CARR.	
Recitative.....	"There were Shepherds."
MRS. TIPPETT.	
Chorus.....	"Glory to God."

College Notes.

In the gymnastic vocabulary, what does the word "permanent" mean?

At the close of the prayer meeting last Saturday evening a short session of the Christian Association was held to appoint a delegate to the Annual Meeting of The Woman's Board of Missions, which will be held at Worcester Jan. 11 and 18. Miss Mary Edwards was chosen delegate.

Now that the village boasts a restaurant and hair-dressing rooms the College students suggest that a first-class dress-making establishment would be a paying enterprise. A hotel would be a great convenience to visitors of the college, and a tasteful milliner might make a small fortune here.

"The Chapel Fund is growing, though it is not yet all paid," and at present the amount drawing interest is \$4136.67. That includes \$3605.07 obtained last year and the \$508.94 cleared at the Fair. In addition, \$420.50 is the amount which has been pledged but still unpaid. The results of the efforts put forth during the vacation upon the part of the individual students has not yet manifested itself, but it is sincerely hoped that "the simple maid of Wellesley" met with more than one success in this great enterprise.

The "List of Works for Reference" in the COURANT for Jan. 4, '89, was intended to answer the queries constantly arising to the general reader. The list is, of course, too brief to answer the requirements of the special student in any department. While the college library has not in all cases the best work published on a special subject, it has been, on the whole, so well selected, that such a list as that now given would be found helpful in forming a private reference library, or even as the foundation for a public library. It is therefore suggested that the list may prove useful in selecting reference works for either object.

LIBRARIAN.

We come back to college with two regrets; one that the vacation is over; the other that we have no more exciting tales to relate of adventures experienced while away. Yet the one who holds exclusively the latter privilege could hardly be called fortunate. During the holidays, Fraulein Böthe met with a loss occasioned by an accident similar to the one which befell her a few years ago. The house in which she has been living at Brookline caught fire and six of its rooms were burned, her own among them. Everything was lost, and she barely escaped with her life, even singeing the hair upon one side of her head. We are doubly glad to welcome her back to Wellesley.

Prof. Richard Burmeister, who is to give a piano recital at the college Monday, Jan. 28, is one of the ablest of the younger musicians before the public. Born in 1860 at Hamburg, where he was also educated in music, he taught there in the Conservatory, enjoying the acquaintance and friendship of many of the leading musicians of his time in Europe. He has performed in Vienna, Paris, London, Leipsic, Hamburg, Weimar and many other cities, and has received the warmest appreciation from the public and from the press as well. His wife is also a fine pianist and has played both in this country and in Europe with distinguished success. Mr. Burmeister has been professor of the piano at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore since 1885. His few appearances in this country as solo pianist have added to the high reputation which he had earned abroad. This will be his first appearance in New England.

Miss B. A. Gates returns to college with many happy visions of the "Sunny South." Her vacation was spent in Florida, where she found the temperature more summer-like, hard though it is to imagine, than here. She speaks with particular enthusiasm of the visit to Tampa, on the Gulf of Mexico. This is the port where all the Havana steamers come in, and as the dark-skinned, nervous Cubans hurry on shore, they are watched with peculiar interest by a Northerner. The view from the harbor is a beautiful one, reaching far out over the waters of the Gulf, which are of much deeper blue than the waters of the Atlantic and of more unruled surface. The sail up the St. John's river from Jacksonville to St. John has a charm peculiarly its own and afforded by no other trip. At its mouth the river is very broad and the opposite shore, indistinctly seen, makes an artistic background to the bright surroundings by the intermingling of the bright, dark green of the foliage and the deep yellow of the ocean groves. The whole course of the river is lined on each side with live oaks, green summer and winter, palmettos and cypress trees. These, with their tall bare trunks covered with grey moss, present a rather startling appearance, yet seem to accord perfectly with the wild growth about them. Approaching the source of the river, it becomes so narrow and winding that, in looking behind, the steamer seems merely to be going over its own track. St. John and St. Augustine were especially enjoyable places to visit, and so thoroughly attached did Miss Gates become to the latter, that she could not leave without some touching little memento. Now one of the students harbors in her room at Freeman a new pet, which she watches with tender devotion. Fortunately for the other inmates it is a dead alligator.

From New York we have the pleasure of hearing of the welfare of our dear Mrs. John Fowle, the mother of Mrs. Duran. Our friend is established again for the winter at The Chelsea, 23d Street, with her niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Jones, and their lovely children, Pauline and Frank, well remembered by us all. Mr. F. C. Jones is a grandson of Paul Jones, the American hero of the war of 1812. It was he who captured the *Wasp*, the first ship taken from the astonished and crest-fallen British navy. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have in their possession many testimonials of the gratitude and admiration felt for Paul Jones, by his fellow-citizens and his country. Among them are grants of the freedom of the cities of New York and Philadelphia. These great cities presented the courageous youth, who would have sacrificed his life for his country and for liberty, with a wonderful orn in gold

and silver, chiseled and worked with such artistic skill and beauty that Benvenuto Cellini himself might have designed it. A dinner party was given in honor of Mrs. Fowle by Mr. and Mrs. Jones. No queen ever presided with so much grace, beauty and calm dignity as did our beloved Mrs. Fowle. With Mr. and Mrs. Camieva from Savannah, Miss Séé had the good fortune to be one of the guests at this never-to-be-forgotten New Year's day. The health of the beautiful lady was proposed and enthusiastically responded to. May she preside over many more New Year dinner parties! The absent ones were remembered warmly: Mrs. Duran and Wellesley!—Wellesley the ever-present thought of all who love and honor the name of Duran. The party broke up at 10 o'clock. No one seemed tired, but all took leave, wishing the noble host, hostess and the heroine of the fete many, many more such days.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

AN UNCALLED-FOR APOLOGY.

It was a stately pedagogue,
And her hair was of auburn hue,
But the funny thing about that hair
Was the color she never knew;

So when a flippant undergrad
At red hair cast a jeer,
The pedagogue complacent sat,
Nor ruffled nor severe.

But sudden blushed the undergrad;
She faltered and looked down:
"Excuse me, please. When I said that,
I thought *your* hair was *brown*."

In the Thanksgiving poem written by a bard of '89 for the COURANT occur the words, "the amber glitter of the wine." Many, knowing the prohibition convictions of the poet, were astonished, if not grieved, at this tempestuous suggestion, but will be glad to hear that one true friend explains it on the ground of "poetic license."

Too late!—came the suggestion of one member of the Faculty to another, that the Seniors might have held office hours in which to receive the Faculty presenting matriculation cards.

This matriculation may be a great convenience to somebody, but it sometimes leads to unpleasant surprises. One pitiful case was that of a Senior who presented a card to the Professor of Elocution. "Well," said Professor Corriner, "I shall have to look you up. There are some unfortunate ones." Then it flashed upon the poor girl that she had been conditioned on her diaphragm and had never worked the condition off. We would suggest that it is probable she has lived it off, inasmuch as the same diaphragm has been in constant use since and the owner is not dying from dyspepsia.

Amongst all that contributed to the great success of our Chapel fair, the announcement must not be forgotten. It read as follows:

Wellesley College,
By their Excellencies,
The Chapel Fund Committee,
A Proclamation

For a public day of Merrie-Making and Money-Giving. In the olden time our pious ancestors devoted their scanty pennies and spare wampum to the erection of a log-cabin meeting house. The custom of giving for such benevolent purposes has continued to the present day, binding the past to the present as with a golden thread. In recognition of the crying need of Wellesley College for a new and more spacious Chapel, and feeling sure that our purses, having enjoyed a long season of rest and prosperity, are now ready to pour out their contents in behalf of this most benevolent object, we thereby appoint, with the advice and consent of the Council:

Monday, Dec. 3, 1888,

As a day for

A Grand Fair

When from East and from West,

From North and from South, come the student and guest

To find—art works aesthetic,

Books—prose and poetic,

And doubtless some bargains (a few)

Entertainment amusing,

Attractions confusing,

And things gastronomical too.

Oh, great variety!

Perfect propriety!

Cautious sobriety!!!

Will characterize this

Grand Fair

On the Second Floor Centre,

Monday, Dec. 3, 1888,

Oh—yes! Oh—yes! Oh—yes!

The Wide, Wide World.

Jan. 8.—German papers appeal to America to use its influence in putting an end to the Samoan trouble. The Deposition of President Legitime of Hawaii expected. The Edmonds' Panama Canal Resolutions passed in the Senate yesterday. M. Meline elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies.

Jan. 9.—A portion of the capital for the new Panama Canal Company already raised. Mr. Gladstone has decided not to discuss the Roman question. Earthquake shocks in Illinois. Tornadoes cause loss of many lives in Pittsburgh, Reading and Sunbury, Pa.

Jan. 10.—Little interest manifested in England in the Panama Canal. Scholastic buildings in Paris destroyed by fire. Upper suspension bridge at Niagara destroyed by the storm.

Jan. 11.—King of Uganda (Africa) deposed, and bloody outbreak of the Arabs against the missionaries. Consul General Sewall of Samoa testifies before the Senate Committee. Dakota petitions Congress to open the Sioux reservation. The steamer *Umbria* crosses the Atlantic in 6 days 2 3/4 hours.

Jan. 12.—Attempt to blow up the Archbishop's palace in Madrid. Two Hanover batteries to be sent to Zanzibar. Deadlock in the House broken. Preliminary meetings of the Electoral Colleges in several states. Charges of violation of the Inter-state Commerce Act made against railroads running between St. Paul and Chicago. Annual Quarterly meeting of Collegiate Alumnae held in Boston.

Jan. 13.—De Lesseps and the council of the Panama Canal Company have signed an agreement with the Banque Parisienne for a fresh issue of 60,000,000 shares. General Boulanger issues another manifesto. Minister Phelps will sail for home Jan. 31st.

Jan. 14.—Opening of the Russian Landtag. The British government to appoint Lord Sackville's successor after the inauguration. Possibility of war between Germany and America in consequence of the Samoan troubles, discussed in London diplomatic circles. Paris Anarchists issue a manifesto declaring that a revolution alone can free the people from oppression.

THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY.

EMILY H. LEONARD.

Why are there no secret societies at Wellesley? This question in some phase has, without doubt, confronted nearly every one of our students. There is an answer of course which may be given at once, presenting sufficient reason why we have no societies at present: no organization of the sort may be found in the College until its constitution has been submitted. But the question may still come to us in another form: if, as a body of students, we were free to choose in this matter, should we wish to see the fraternity element introduced at Wellesley?

Let us turn to what is said in favor of the Greek-letter society as it exists in other colleges. We find various arguments, considered by those who present them to be altogether convincing, vigorously urged. We are told that the fraternity keeps its members up to a higher intellectual and moral standard; that it conserves good fellowship, and binds its members together in strong and lasting friendships; that charity is its ruling principle, urging its members to constant activity for the good of their brothers, and to instant relief in cases of special trouble; that "Lend a hand" is its foremost motto.

It seems, at first sight, that an organization which is declared to serve all these ends, must be an actual benefit to its members and to the institution where it is fostered. But are the societies necessary to these ends to such an extent that it would be wise and well to encourage their existence? Just here it must be remembered that these arguments to which we have referred are brought by partisans and, how forceful soever they may appear to those who form the fraternity, their validity yet remains to be proved.

The first point made by those who uphold secret societies is that by their methods they secure greater intellectual faithfulness and a higher grade of scholarship in their members. May this be accepted without further question? Surely facts show that much of the best work is done and much of the finest scholarship manifested in the non-society portion of our colleges. This indicates, at least, that the society stimulus is not a necessity, and if we grant that some students are held more strictly to a higher standard because of this private influence, we must at the same time acknowledge that those who need this impulse are not working from the highest motives. The true scholar loves the work for its own sake and for the sake of the larger life which it will bring him; he will stand as well without the society support.

So, it seems, the chief usefulness of the fraternity, from the intellectual side is that it serves as a motive to the student who has not strength in himself to hold him to his course. Such an one wishes to keep a place in the society, so it will be his ambition to do just enough work to meet its demands. Sometimes, when we observe certain members of college societies, we wonder at the elasticity of those demands, and yet we are ever assured that the standard is high.

And now we come to the second stage of the argument for the society. The numbers, we are told, are so closely united as one body that what affects one affects all. Hence a greater sense of moral responsibility is awakened; each member feels that he is, in a measure, his brother's keeper, and all are anxious to maintain the good name of the society. Here it is that the friends of the fraternity gain the strongest hold of our minds. For we must know that as one becomes sensible of the great truth that we are all members one of another, he will feel more deeply his obligation in relation to his fellow-men. But, by an appeal to facts again, it may be shown that the tendency of the secret society is to so imbue its members with the fraternal spirit within its own bounds, that they seem to regard all obligation at an end when they have met the requirements of their particular association. It is well known that in proportion as the society fervor waxes strong, the spirit of loyalty to class and to the college at large seems to wane. Students are anxious that offices shall be filled by members of this or that society, rather than desirous to see that one in the office who is best fitted for the position.

Lastly, it is urged that socially the fraternity is a great benefit because by its means the warmest college friends are made. Every student feels that the friendships formed in a college course are of the utmost value. Real growth in character depends largely upon our association with helpful and congenial friends. So, even though we think that the secret society is not a necessity to keep us up to certain standards, "let us favor it if it is the way to make earnest friendships." But is it the way? In order to note this we must note the methods adopted by all college fraternities for gaining new members. When the Freshman class enters, or even before it enters, certain picked members from the established societies "rush" these Freshmen, that is, they call upon them and give them every polite attention and, being persons of superior judgment and remarkable insight, they are able to ascertain, after one or two meetings, whether or not the new student will be a valuable member of the society. If the decision is in favor of the Freshman he is received with open arms, as the intimate friend of all the society. Does it not appear on second thought that this is a peculiar way of selecting friends? Outside the pale of the society one does not put this matter into the hands of a committee. Such procedure is unnatural; true friendships grow and develop gradually. The very strongest and most helpful relationships may spring up between members of one society, but one is as likely to find those who are most congenial to him among the outside students; and, in this case, if the friends are members of different societies, or if one happens to be an independent, there will always be a barrier between them.

We are looking at this matter with one special college in mind. It is not cause for wonder, perhaps, that, in some colleges, where the community is widely scattered so that the students are not often brought together outside the class-room, this social side of the argument seems to have weight; but at Wellesley where all are now so closely united, where "Lend a hand" is a motto not confined to the bounds of any special organization or clique, there can be no need of a society to draw the students together, and the *secret* society, because of its very nature, would place artificial limitations so that the present freedom could not exist.

How, then, do matters stand? We find that to the true scholar, the fraternity stimulus is entirely needless, and that to the weak student it serves only as a kind of substituted motive; while morally, it seems, the members are narrowed and limited, the tendency being toward a small partisanship rather than toward a broad patriotism. Selfishness, not generosity, is engendered. Socially, even, barriers are set up which are forced and out of harmony with the truest interests of the college community. What, in the light of these facts, must be our conclusion? Whatever of good there may be within the limits of the society itself, we cannot but feel that it clashes on all sides with the comprehensive good of the college life, and we all agree that a thing may be truly good insofar only as it does not interfere with some larger, higher good. Let us no longer, then, have the shadow of a doubt which way we should decide were the question open to us here at Wellesley.

Incompleteness.

KENT DUNLAP, '90.

Oft when we watch a queenly day
Walk in the west in bright array,
In crimson draperies fold on fold,
Scarfs of violet fringed with gold,
Flashing in fire from gems untold,
We think e'en while we lingering gaze,
"Twill be the fairest of all days
To-morrow.

Or, when a half-blown bud we find
Among the dark leaves intertwined,
With petals opening to disclose
A heart within that deeply glows
With promise of the perfect rose,
We stoop and kiss it lovingly,
Thinking how fair a thing 'twill be
To-morrow.

So ever in our human eyes
The fairest just beyond us lies;
With eager gaze we seek to trace
The future's dim and dream-like face,
And miss the present's subtle grace;
We pour the sweet wine out, and think,
"Of living water I shall drink,
To-morrow."

—*The Collegian.*

MISSION WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

LAURA A. JONES, '82.

I wonder if the terms "mission work," "tenement-houses," "laboring classes," etc., are as mythical terms in the mind of any Wellesley girl as they were in mine, when nearly five years ago, I was invited to take a class in a mission Sabbath school. Certainly to me "our district" was for a long time—in fact, has hardly ceased to be—a sort of wonderland. To see people crowded in such numbers into such limited space, to see personal ownership of articles of clothing entirely absent, to see such compounds prepared for food, to see the human body stand such abuse and come out of the experiment in *any* sort of a condition—has been scarcely less productive of wonder than were the old-time stories of Aladdin's lamp.

Doubtless there are many of my Wellesley sisters who think they know something of tenement-houses. But riding through certain streets on the horse car and looking up at the tall buildings which line the streets, and which are swarming with human life, as if a row of mammoth beehives, is by no means knowing tenement-houses. To see them at their *best* one must see them in New York, as doubtless the crowding here is greater than in any other American city. The streets are lined with tall houses, often very good looking buildings, too. There is one entrance, opening into a hall-way which, as a rule, is not more than five feet wide. Opening off from this are two doors in the front and two in the back end of the hall. Each of these doors represents the home of one family; so that a building five stories high will contain some twenty families. The apartments consist very often of two rooms each; sometimes of three, and the family who has four or five rooms at their disposal, is aristocratic. When you think of all the necessities for living, crowded with a large family into two rooms, you will faintly imagine what crowding means. One good German said to me but a day or two ago: "Miss Jones, I must look for three rooms, we're getting a little crowded in two," and yet his family *only* consists of eight persons. I leave it to your imagination to dispose of clothes-baskets, vegetables, clothing, etc. One poor German woman said that the fire-escape was the only quiet place she could find that was still enough for her to be able to pray. And yet among the Jews the crowding is far worse. It is quite common among them to take lodgers enough so that the floor is completely covered at night. Each one takes a sort of pillow, and a would-be blanket and retires. During the warm weather the heat is often so insufferable that men spend the night in wagons, on fire escapes, on the pavement of the back yards or even on the roofs. But one other item ought to be mentioned that helps in this crowding, and that is, the rear or yard houses. These are built in what might be the breathing-place of the street houses; they are usually smaller, cheaper, and dirtier than the others. The halls are often so dark that one is obliged to stand still a moment on entering till the eye gets accustomed to the darkness. Of course in this as everything, one finds all grades; there are clean houses and well-kept; there are those where, other than the noise and the stairs, the families can be quite comfortable; but they are decidedly in the minority.

In the heart of such a neighborhood as this, our church, the 7th Presbyterian, stands a monument to the time when those streets were New York's Fifth Avenue. Of course, in such a neighborhood, church-going is by no means fashionable. As I stood on the steps a beautiful Sabbath morning, and saw the children quite as busy at play as on any other day, saw almost every store in sight open and the women with their market baskets on their arms, spending some of the money brought home the night before—as I heard the hum and tumult of life and business, so loud sometimes as to interfere with enjoyment of the service—is it any wonder that I almost heard the dear Lord say: "Go work to-day in my vineyard," "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Surely, here is such an opportunity of rendering loving service to Him that the first question is, "Which duty? Where shall I begin?"

As you can readily see the field is so boundless that you won't wonder that one feels sometimes dazed and afraid she shall lose sight of main points and be engrossed with details. But perhaps I can sketch briefly some of the leading points of attack.

First come the mothers. My heart goes out to them, as I see them day after day trying to keep up with the never-ending round of work. In many cases never getting out for more than the necessary groceries, and for the rest of the time plodding this weary tread-mill of work. Among the women I took to the country this summer for a day's picnic, at the kind invitation of some lady friends in Montclair, there was one woman who had not been beyond the butcher's in over ten years; another had not seen a country tree but once in the twenty years since she landed at Castle Garden, and that was when she went to the cemetery to see her sister buried, and so on.

Many of them are married while still girls, straight from the factory, and with no more idea as to the duties of the home-maker than one of our sisters would have at ten years of age. Put these into the crowded homes, with ignorance as their teacher, with scant money as their goad, and two or three babies—sick perchance—at their skirts for their joy and, under the circumstances, can't you believe with me that one woman spoke for thousands when she said she "had been discouraged for years?" Just a friendly call, carrying with it a thought of the outside world, is an encouragement. And in that call how many hints and helps can be given those heads too tired to think! Any sort of information is bound to find its sphere of usefulness. Such a paragon of wisdom as one woman thought me because I knew that the under of a sleeve wasn't to be sewed on to the under-arm seam of a child's gingham apron. Another thought that because cocoanuts were "so sort of milky-like in the centre" that they were very desirable food for a four-year-old just getting up from diphtheria. While another thought me crazy because I laughingly opened her window one winter morning, with the remark they'd all get sick there. "Sure you must be trying to *make* us sick; do you suppose we can heat all out doors?" To render such services to our unfortunate sisters were indeed a blessed ministry; but to try to tell them of "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," of the one who has told them "to be of good courage," that when "they pass through the waters He will be with them," and to try to help their struggling faith to keep its hold—this is, indeed a *privilege*. In such a work a mother's meeting is a necessity. Many of the churches have started the "Mother's Unions" in which each member pledges to pray for and with her children, to do the best she can to keep them off the street after dark, to try to prevent the use of profane language in their presence, and if possible to prevent them being sent to the saloons for beer. The meeting of such a Union once a week, to supplement the calls at their homes, is of inestimable value.

Other than my Bible class on Sunday I haven't been able to do much for the men. But, small though the class is, it furnishes opportunity for grand work. With such uninviting homes and nervous wives on the one hand, and saloons staring them in the face, and with almost no other door open to them on the other hand, I sometimes wonder that a young man *can* grow up as he should. In my own work intemperance and infidelity have been the chief enemies which have had to be met. We who have been brought up to shiver and cross the street at the sight of an intoxicated person, can *never* know what drink really means until we see it at its work. Never, either, will we fully realize the power of a woman's word of sympathetic encouragement till we put it to this test. One of the men of my class fell into temptation and drank after a year's abstinence, from sheer loneliness and homesickness. His wife and children had gone for a much-needed vacation—he wanted them to have it and stood the test for three weeks. But it was worth pages of argument to see that man follow me out of the saloon where I found him, and when once in his home to see him seize both my hands, and sobbingly thank God that He hadn't deserted him; and better than all, to see him now living a consistent Christian life, trying to save others from that same enemy. But our dear mothers say it isn't safe. But the dear Lord's work is the only thing that is safe in its truest sense; humanly speaking, it is safe, too.

One soon becomes known by thousands who live along the streets she frequents. These tell others and so on. One of my men, who worked two miles from our church, was told one day by one of his shopmates that his Sunday school teacher had gone into the opposite store. To be known at such a distance from "home" by one where not the slightest clue could be traced, was a surprise even to me.

They know full well who their true friends are and are invariably courteous to them. For example, a member of my class who was a reformed man had lost his wife and all four children in little over four months. I was very anxious about him knowing that for a man so easily influenced the temptations in a lodging house were very liable to prove too strong. So, when I found him after a two or three months search, one afternoon, thoroughly intoxicated, I felt the necessity of improving my opportunity and talked and pleaded with him till it began to grow dark. When I rose to go, imagine my surprise to see him and his companion stagger to their feet and say that they would go to the car with me. The thought of two such escorts took my breath away, but they in-

sisted, saying there were some rude fellows at the corner saloon and they might call after me. Seeing argument was useless, I yielded to the inevitable and walked to the car, steadyng first one then the other by a touch at the elbow; few escorts give a better bow on leaving than theirs was intended to be. Surely if they are so appreciative of kindness, there is good enough left, even in those far gone, for us to build upon; many and many are the hands which faith has caught from the destruction and many are still waiting.

Hardly less terrible in its influence over the victim is infidelity,—what completely wrecks a man's happiness, what takes from him his hope is indeed an enemy which calls for vigorous opposition. Books and lectures on these subjects keep the air astir, and the conscientious, the indifferent, the brag and the silent man, all seem liable to be affected by this insidious influence. Here work is slower than with the drinking man. Argument avails little; it is by proving oneself the *friend*, and by praying meanwhile that we may be guided in the use of the Word that the surest work seems to be done, and there is so much danger in our zeal of saying too much, and thus injuring what has already been done by seeming to force matters. This is truly the work of sowing and leaving the results in God's hand.

But I have left myself small space to speak of the most hopeful of all work, that for the children. This is chiefly done through the week by a sewing school, where divided into classes, they receive instruction in this practical art. We hope soon to make this even more so by giving each child a needed garment after she has first mended it in class. Numberless lessons as to personal cleanliness, manners, truthfulness, etc., come in as accidentals. But a feature of even more importance, is the fact that the Jewish mothers freely allow their children to attend the sewing school on Friday when a severe punishment would follow their attendance at Sunday school. But as it is our aim to make the opening exercises of each session practically Christian, we feel that we can sew just as good seed in the hearts of these Jewish children on Friday as we would be able to do on Sunday.

When I tell you that a child of seven was so intoxicated one Sunday as to be unable to come to school, and that she, in spite of numerous attempts, hasn't succeeded as yet in keeping the pledge for more than two weeks at a time, it will help you, I am sure, to realize the need of very practical, fundamental work in spiritual matters quite as well as in material temporal. Lying is also something which calls for constant attention.

We also try to encourage them to give their candy money, or to earn pennies to give to the needy, trying to stimulate their zeal by telling different bits of missionary information. Last week they sent a dollar and a quarter to the mother of a little girl in India. For more distinctively Christian training we are hoping to start soon a prayer meeting for them, where they themselves shall take part, and where we can help them more effectively to realize that while young, they can be just as acceptable followers of the dear Lord Jesus, as if older.

I am afraid I have wearied you with my "much speaking" for you have had all the labor of reading and none of the satisfaction of seeing. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh;" and my heart is so full that I hardly know when to stop; but I can't forbear just saying a word about the "little Wellesley" I expect to have just as soon as a very little ship comes into my port. A Wellesley! I hear some one say in a very shocked tone of voice. Yes, wasn't our Alma Mater founded for the higher education of women, and isn't the corner stone of that education the sweet lesson of *ministrare non ministrari*? True, the curriculum won't be very similar, but who can tell me that if I had a home of a few rooms in the midst of the district, a place where a tempted girl could be shielded, an ignorant one trained, a pleasant spot where I could invite a tired mother for a quiet half-hour's encouragement, where the delinquent Sabbath school scholar could be invited and shown by kind attention that religion isn't *all* preach, a place where my Bible class could have a mid-week Bible lesson, and above all a place where I can talk and pray with the anxious inquirer without fear of intrusion,—who can tell me that such a place would not be for the higher education of women? And if for women for men, also, intimately. And who can blame me for praying that the dear Lord would soon steer some loving little bark into my waiting port?

One thing more and I am done. Now and then I hear of Wellesley girls spending the winter in New York for study and other purposes; may I urge such to try for themselves the pleasure of this work? If they would but take a class in Sabbath school, I'll promise they will count it as one of their greatest privileges. So, girls, when you come won't you drop me a note saying that while you are here you will lend us a hand?

129 E. 10th St.; New York, Nov. 21, '89.

AN IDEAL TEACHER.

MARY R. THAVERECK, '89.

Several years ago, while visiting a friend, I went with her to the High School. The building, plain and white, was situated upon a gradually sloping hill, which was adorned with many beautiful trees. The trees were all that relieved the unsightliness of the place, for where there had once been terraces the banks had been broken down and the grass worn off; while sticks, leaves and stones were scattered everywhere.

After entering the house we passed through an ugly, white-walled hall, up a winding stair-way, into the main room, where all was cheerless, from the dark walls, guiltless of pictures, the curtainless windows and stained from the desks to the tired, listless attitudes of the students. Our feeling of discomfort was heightened as we listened to a class heard, not taught, by the principal. In the rear of the room the boys were whispering unseen by the master, who, with eyes on book, put questions to an apparently dull class. When noon came we watched the disorderly exit of the school and were not surprised to be told that the teacher did not fit students for college since few cared to pursue their studies further than the ordinary High School course.

Four years later we paid a second visit to the school. I had been told that I should observe a great change; if my friend had said I should see a "new school" it would have been no exaggeration. Over a well-kept path, bordered with flowers, past trim terraces, we approached the building which had been enlarged and neatly painted in shades of brown.

The door opened into the old hall, yet how changed! Rugs were here and there, several fine engravings hung upon the tinted walls and there was an air of comfort about the room which made one desire to linger. But passing up the stairway we entered the large room, more and more bewildered as we gazed upon the scene. Bright-faced, earnest students sat behind desks over which were pretty coverings; the frescoes of the walls and ceilings harmonized with the window hangings and the blooming flowers which filled the tops of large bookcases; pictures hung between the windows; over the doorways were busts of famous authors, and where the platform once was stood a fine piano and table near by. As our glance took in these details, there rose from among the scholars a slight, quick-moving, keen-eyed but pleasant man, about thirty years of age, who welcomed us with a cordial grasp of the hand and a brief greeting. He it was who had been instrumental in these changes and of whom I wish to write, as though I had been one of his pupils.

When he first came before us we were interested, being dimly conscious that school life need not be a dull routine but a real life. As he looked into our faces and spoke of his joy in being permitted to work with us, we realized that Mr. Hall, whatever he might teach from books, was a lesson,—nay, many lessons, in himself. The four years spent with him only deepened and made clearer that which was at first only vague perception. The thought of many was expressed by one who said, just after graduation: "I want to thank you for what you have done for me; you made me realize, careless boy though I was, that life was full of meaning to you and that you had an ideal, never lost sight of. I cannot tell just how it was but your spirit seemed to rouse and inspire me and made me, too, feel that my life should have a purpose."

The zeal aroused by Mr. Hall's personality was stimulated by his methods in recitations. Instead of a formal row seated before the master's desk the class was scattered about the room, the members of it being in their own seats, and Mr. Hall, with no book, began work. His aim in the first few recitations was to gauge the class so that he could plan his lessons most effectively, and his questions were always skillfully put, to ascertain how far the pupils had made the thought of the lesson their own and how interested they had been in looking up unfamiliar allusions. The class, wholly unused to this method of procedure, failed and were indignant at the extra work expected; but, since they knew that their teacher carefully prepared, beforehand, each lesson and gave them the results of as full knowledge as he could gain, they became ashamed of failing to do their part. The thought and care given for the teacher's sake, in the beginning, soon came to be given also for the sake of the benefit and enjoyment derived.

Into the sciences Mr. Hall introduced actual experiments in connection with very little text book work. In chemistry, three of the five recitations periods were set apart for laboratory work. He accompanied the class and performed the experiments with them. Could they do other

than their best? It was understood that most of the recitations would be upon the results of their labor, and careful observation was required. Gradually the pupils were left to themselves, even to the selecting of their apparatus, it being deemed wiser to allow them to learn from their mistakes than to run the risk of doing too much for them. The laboratory became a popular resort afterwards and the results of some of the original work were very gratifying.

From the Natural Philosophy class he requested apparatus made by the scholars, wishing them to train hand and brain at the same time. There were numerous exclamations and looks of blank amazement, even more suggestive. However, a few simple things were made that year, more the next, and now the school has a fine collection of apparatus, made by the different classes, and some of the best pieces have been the work of girls.

Great variety in ways of conducting recitations was practised; indeed there was a saying that "Mr. Hall never conducted a recitation twice in the same way." Sometimes one of the class acted as teacher, another as critic; at other times Mr. Hall and the class changed places and he judged their grasp of the subject by the questions they put to him. A review of Greek grammar was once taken up in the form of a spelling match, while reviews in geography and arithmetic were so varied that they never lost interest. All this kept the expectation on the alert and necessitated thorough work, but we rejoiced in the originality of our teacher.

Mr. Hall felt that his duty was not only to teach what was prescribed by the school curriculum, but to fit his scholars to be good citizens and true, strong men and women. He caused them to feel that what he proposed was for his good as well as for their gain, and that he could learn from them as well as they from him. Thus came about newspaper time, when for fifteen minutes the news of the day was discussed and all were brought into closer relations with the outside world.

Ever thoughtful and fearing that access to daily papers might not be easy for all, he furnished one, and a subscription started by a Senior resulted in our taking another daily and a weekly paper, *Harper's Monthly* and the *Popular Science Monthly*. The general knowledge of the school rapidly increased. In course of time Mr. Hall suggested that we edit a paper, saying that it would add zest to our composition work and train us in business methods. Although it was under the management of the Seniors all were asked to contribute, and its success was far beyond our hopes. Ninety-six dollars was cleared the first year, by which we were enabled to make additions to our library and improvements in the rooms. Lessons in singing and in simple gymnastic exercises he offered and we accepted, to the improvement of our voices and the increased vigor of our bodies.

His sympathy with sports and his mingling with the boys at recess did much to raise the tone of their games, and won their admiration. Soon many of them accompanied him on his afternoon walks, when talks on botany, geology and the habits of birds and animals were the order of the day, and as one said: "He taught us how to see." He interested the girls in making and caring for flower beds, thereby accomplishing a two-fold end, beautifying the grounds and enticing the girls out of doors at recess, in spring and autumn.

He believed that a true teacher must not confine his attention to the branches he teaches, but should take up some new subject in order to give himself more sympathy with the difficulties of his pupils and keep his mind from working in ruts. His scholars were encouraged to work out of school upon some subject foreign to our studies, and he was ever ready with suggestions. In time a certain hour of every week was set apart, when he was always at home to his pupils. At these meeting times talks about books, questions concerning special studies, music, games, readings were in order. Such meetings brought him into personal relations with the boys and girls, and enabled him to influence them in no slight degree.

While Mr. Hall was heartily interested in all his pupils and regarded by them as a true friend, he was no mere helper over hard places; rather he aimed to assist one to help one's self. He strove to cultivate self-reliance and good judgment on the part of all. Thus he did, too, in the class room; to his Senior class he rarely gave a lesson of definite length or told in what way he wished it learned. He also insisted on the Seniors deciding upon the merits of their recitations, and these decisions were compared with his at the end of every month.

Through his love of refinement and his acute perception of the effect which beautiful surroundings have upon character, we were roused to a feeling of the ugliness of the rooms. Our efforts and the influence of our parents aided him to obtain the pictures, plants, busts, and everything that made the building attractive.

Before he came it was almost unheard of for a parent, unless he was one of the committee, to enter the house, but Mr. Hall deemed his work a partial failure until an entire revolution had taken place. He wished to work not against or apart from parents but with them and felt that he could not do this until they had met him at work.

While the bright student found him stimulating, the dull one, if faithful, found him very patient, and he often appeared to have insight into the mind, see the thought of which his pupil was almost unconscious and help it to find expression.

One trait he had, which was both a joy and a sorrow, he was remarkably free from self-conceit. He would sometimes say that he wished he had as good a memory as Miss B. and comfort a Greek student with: "I have hard work to remember certain forms even now." But we felt as a boy expressed it: "I wish Mr. Hall wasn't quite so modest and thought he knew a little more, then he might not think we could do so much." He did expect one's best, just what he gave us.

Mr. Hall is a real character and as such is not perfect. Yet in thinking of him I can recall only two faults in him, as a teacher, and these seem trifling. He had a tendency, which he strove against, to be sarcastic, but the upper classes did not mind it, for they well knew he did not intend to wound their feelings. He was of nervous temperament and sometimes, weary with his labors, he controlled himself by a conscious effort which affected the atmosphere of the room.

His room was under good discipline yet there were no rules. There was no need of any for the scholars feared his look more than they feared the checks given by another. They knew that he wished them to control themselves and that he grieved when they proved too weak to do so.

One of the strongest proofs of his efficiency was the increased liking for and appreciation of him which his Senior class had and the enthusiasm which they felt for continuing their studies. It has become nothing unusual for half of a class to attend either college or normal school for both of which he fits students. The graduates know that Mr. Hall still remembers and is glad to aid them.

Thus, while I make no claims for him of such mingled intellectual greatness and personal magnetism as some of the world's famous teachers have possessed, I do maintain that his quick perception, originality, sympathy and above all his indefinable power of calling out a pupil's best efforts entitle Mr. Hall to be called an ideal teacher.

FOUR MOONS ABROAD.

A Week in Berlin.

MARY E. MEDDICK, '84.

Cologne, although not without its attractions, is a city that one does not care to linger in long and as we set out for Berlin and looked back upon the beautiful Gothic Cathedral, we waved a tearless farewell. Possibly the present environment fostered our feeling of contentment and satisfaction, for we had a twelve hours' journey before us and were comfortably settled in first-class compartments. You doubtless have heard the common saying, that it is only nobility, tools and Americans, who travel "first-class" in Europe, and we usually avoided this reproach; but this time we were willing to pay the penalty for the sake of the comfort and experience. But seriously there is very little difference—except in the price of tickets—between the first and second-class compartments and the former are poorly patronized.

The journey was uneventful, there was nothing wonderful in the way of scenery and by the time it was eleven o'clock in the evening, we were not sorry to alight at the great Russian capital, which at night, brilliantly illuminated, looked like all great cities.

Hitherto we had stopped only at great hotels and mingled with the crowd for the interminable table d'hôte in the evening, but for our week in Berlin, we had engaged board at a highly recommended *Pension*. We found this to be nothing more nor less than a very pleasant boarding house, permeated with a feeling of hospitality and freedom that differed much from the hotels. Our hostess, "Fraulein Von F"—was a charming woman and satisfied our ideal of German beauty more fully than any one we met in Germany. It is rather strange how seldom one meets these ideals, that are so much talked of and read about.

We arrived on Saturday night and as Sunday was a rainy day, we used it purely as a day of rest—unless writing letters makes a day of toil—and began our sight-seeing on Monday morning. This proved to be a

pleasant day and a drive to gain a comprehensive idea of the city seemed very desirable. One of Wellesley's graduates, who is studying music in Berlin, accompanied us and with great ease pointed out the sights to us, and discoursed to the driver in his native tongue. The excessive regularity of the streets, the capaciousness of the open squares with their imposing statuary, and the multiplicity of palaces and royal institutions produce a very grand and stately effect. The best part of the city is seen in riding or walking down the "Unter den Linden," a broad avenue a mile long, with double rows of lime trees extending from the Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace. The Gate is in imitation of the Propylaea at Athens, and is crowned by a fine statue of Victory with horses.

The many palaces and embassies on the Linden together with the various government buildings, university, museums and galleries make it altogether the most elegant and imposing thoroughfare. The Royal Palace occupies a vast double quadrangle and contains some 600 rooms, I believe. For the sum of a mark, visitors are conducted by an automatic machine imbued with life and called a guide through the various rooms and by the time you escape to the open air, you have had all you wish for your money. The floors are highly polished and on entering you are furnished with a pair of heavy felt shoes—all one size—with which you are left to struggle about as best you can. After seeing one or two palaces, the others are tiresome, for as a rule they only show the remains of former glory and are divested of all their magnificent furnishings, or if any perchance remain, they are closely covered with linen protectors. So much marble and empty space gives a very cold and sombre effect, and we felt no envy for the kings and queens who dwell in marble halls.

Not far away is the Emperor's Palace, which contains the Royal Library with 900,000 volumes and 15,000 manuscripts. Opposite the Royal Palace is the Old Museum, which is always conceded to be the finest building in the city. It has a grand Ionic portico, supported by eighteen Ionic columns and here are statues of Rauch, Schinkel, Winckelmann and Schadow, some of Germany's greatest sculptors and archaeologists. At the right side of the staircase is a famous bronze group representing an Amazon struggling with a tiger; on the left a horseman and a lion. On the walls of the colonnade are famous frescoes from Schinkel's designs. The ground floor contains the antiquities and the first floor the sculpture, with the "Praying Boy" among its finest antiquities and Canova's Hebe among the best modern works. The picture gallery above is extensive and has many famous pictures but is inferior to the fine collections at Dresden and Munich, as we afterwards learned. There are some fine specimens of early Florentine painting by Filippo Lippi and several of Raphael's earlier works. Here too is Titian's famous portrait of his daughter Lavinia and Correggio's "Io and Jupiter," which to me was a most disappointing picture. One gets very wrong impressions of some paintings from photographs and to me this seems more true of Guido Reni's paintings than others. The Mater Dolorosa, with which everyone is so familiar, was a great disappointment. I had the feeling with almost all his pictures, that they had too much color and were more beautiful just in black and white as seen in steel engravings and photographs. We were much impressed with a beautiful head by Dürer, and appreciated it even better after we had visited the curious old city of Nuremberg and seen this great painter's home and some of his works.

To the rear of the Old Museum and connected with it is the New Museum with very fine interior decorations. In the center is a lofty hall, the walls of which are decorated with Kauffmann's famous mural paintings. These are six in number and represent important epochs in history. The most impressive one to me represents the Age of the Reformation and contains numerous historical personages. The scene is in the interior of a church and Luther stands at the altar, holding up the Bible, with Melanchthon, Zwingli and Calvin near; sitting in a semicircle are Wycliffe, Huss and other early Reformers, and behind them is the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. This immense picture is filled with figures of famous men and with a "key" one can make a most interesting and profitable study of it. On the ground floor there is a collection of Northern Antiquities and a very valuable collection of Egyptian Antiquities. The first floor has the casts from the earliest Greek masters down to Thorwaldsen, and above there is a very large collection of engravings and works of Art.

Opposite is the National Gallery, which contains a fine collection of both modern and ancient pictures. To me one of the most wonderful and masterly pictures in the gallery is "Count Egmont, the Night before his Execution" by Gallait, a modern Belgian artist, and again another beautiful picture by Gustave Richter, "The Healing of Jairus' Daughter," reminds us that there is power in modern art as well as in the ancient.

Berlin abounds in monuments erected in honor of Prussian Kings and soldiers, but the most celebrated is a bronze statue of Frederick the Great by Rauch, which is called the finest of its kind in Europe. The King is on horse back in his coronation robes and the lofty pedestal is surrounded with life-size figures of his generals and princes. The whole effect is magnificent and as you look upon it, you feel that this is a monument worthy of a hero.

The Avenue of Victory, Berlin's favorite promenade, leads through the Tiergarten, which is a magnificent park extending from the Brandenburg gate almost to Charlottenburg. Here are ponds and groves of large trees, winding paths, beer gardens, summer theatres, bands of music and all that the pleasure-loving, ease-taking Germans care for to make them happy on a summer's day. At the end is a large Zoological garden and to stroll about in this seems to be the height of bliss to the German mind. If you care to continue the drive a little farther, you reach Charlottenburg, a large suburban town with another Royal Palace in a fine garden and a Mausoleum, with sculptures by illustrious Masters, in which are buried the much beloved Queen Louise and her husband Frederick William III.

The Aquarium is another place put down in all the guide books as something the traveller cannot afford to miss. I believe it is said to be the largest and finest in Continental Europe and it certainly is a fascinating place for those interested in the life that is to be seen under water. It seems as though every sea plant and fish from the jelly fish up were here represented. But the place is curiously arranged in a sort of underground passage with caverns in the sides of the walls, which are filled with water and shut in by glass. The light is in some way let down from above upon these miniature seas and their inhabitants, so that you have an excellent view of the specimens, although you are walking in a decidedly dusky passage way. The place was uncanny to me and I was glad when my duty was done and we were once more out on the Linden, which was thronged with all the pleasure seekers of the city.

One evening we went to Kroll's Gardens, a popular place of amusement, to hear the "Trompeter." The opera was very poorly given, as most of the "stars" were in the city at that season, but we had enough fun out of it to pay us for going. Between the acts, nearly every one in the audience goes out into the garden, which is almost a fairy land with its brilliant incandescent lights and unique devices for decoration. Here they take some comfortable seats under the trees and while a band discourses music, drink their beer and eat their ices and sweets. After ten or fifteen minutes a bell rings and the audience returns to hear another act, at the close of which they again find themselves thirsty and once more betake themselves to the flowing bowl.

Another evening we went to the Ausstellungs Park to an open air concert, where there were two fine orchestras, one of them being the famous orchestra conducted by Ed. Strauss. Hundreds of little tables were placed at various distances from the music stand and while they were eating and drinking, the music-loving souls of this vast audience were being satisfied with most exquisite harmony. We turned to each other and smiled as the orchestra struck up some familiar strains from the Mikado. As a rule even at these open air concerts, you hear only the best music and the cost for admission is but a few cents; or often you pay nothing but are expected to buy beer or ices. The constant opportunity for hearing fine music is one of the chief charms of Germany to me. One of the best conservatories of music is in Berlin and two young ladies of our party are now pursuing courses of study there under Professor Klindworth.

On the streets and everywhere, but particularly in the beer gardens, you meet innumerable Prussian soldiers with their red uniforms and straight tapering waists. As a class, they are extremely rude and ill-mannered and I rejoice that America has the broad Atlantic for a protection, instead of needing a large standing army like Germany.

The shops in Berlin are not particularly attractive, except the garnet stores, which in the evening are very brilliant.

It would never do to leave Berlin without making the excursion to Potsdam, which is about sixteen miles out of the city, so one fine day a party of us set out to do our duty. Here is the Sans Souci Palace, built by Frederick the Great and full of reminiscences of him. It was more furnished and habitable looking than any palace we had yet seen. The apartments, which were occupied by the King and Voltaire are preserved, and even Frederick's clock which was stopped at the moment of his death. Babelsberg is a new Gothic Palace near by and has some rich art treasures. The grounds about these palaces are said to be very fine and we had no reason to doubt it, but as a heavy rain storm came up, we declined to investigate and took the first train back to Berlin, reaching our *Pension* a party of wiser and wetter girls.

One week in Berlin was at an end and we were not so loth to leave this delightful city as we would have been had not our chaperon preceded us to Leipzig, where she had friends and wished to remain a few days. Our counsellor, protector, professor, watchful guide and loving friend had gone, and we willingly left the great German metropolis behind us and sped as fast as German cars could carry us (not very fast) on to Leipzig, where once more the happy family of thirteen had a joyful reunion.

Our Outlook.

MEDICAL HONORS FOR WOMEN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Two English women within the past few months have quietly pushed the index of public opinion a point or two forward on the dial of progress. The possibility of such honors for any woman shows not only a signal advance in just corporate action, but records a distinct apology from two august professional associations to the whole body of women physicians and medical students. We refer to the passing by Miss McDonald, a student of the London School of Medicine for Women, of the examinations in "medicine, surgery, and midwifery" at the Society of Apothecaries, London, and the appointment of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake to a position of lecturer on midwifery in the Extra-Mural School, Edinburgh, "a school which has always counted men of marked ability among its teachers," but never before a woman.

Women who wish to study and practise medicine in the United States find their way much easier than do their sisters in Great Britain, but it is mainly due to that general laxity which in this country attends the training and qualifying of those citizens we so carelessly "license to kill," as the clever dean of a State medical college once said.

Still, to-day in America women who desire the best medical education and a fair share of the prizes distributed to "merit" by universities and hospitals must knock in vain at the doors of such medical schools as Harvard, Columbia, or John Hopkins: they may deserve, but cannot obtain, appointments yet treated as the prerogatives of the male physician.

But any one who glances over the columns of "personal items" in European newspapers with more than a casual wish to taste of the latest dish of foreign gossip must notice the increasing number of what we shall call *first instances*. Consider the following, taken at random from journals of conservative tone:

"Madame Gaillard-Bonhommes has been appointed pharmacist at the Toulouse Lyceum, in place of Mousnier Magne-Lakens."

"Mlle. Amélie Lebois, daughter of a clergyman of Strasbourg, has passed the examination at the Sorbonne of Docteur ès Sciences with great brilliancy. The *Droit des Femmes* says she is the first lady who has done so."

"Mrs. Emerson, author of *Indian Myths*, is said to be the first woman chosen a member of the Société de France, which includes in its membership the most distinguished archeologists in Europe."

Miss Waterson, M. D., formerly a student at the London School of Medicine for Women, has won a certificate from the Psychological Society in the examination in mental diseases. This is the first time a woman has entered for this examination. Miss Waterson has been practising for many years in South Africa."

"The highest classical honor in the London University has this year, for the first time, fallen to a lady, Miss Mary Louisa Worley, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls and Girton College, Cambridge."

These are chips showing the sweep of the current, suggesting changes in the stream of our active life, repaying study. They must serve as excuse for asking American women to hear and understand why the licensing of Miss McDonald and the appointment of Dr. Jex-Blake mark an important gain in the battle over the medical education of women. It should be understood that in European States the law endeavors to protect the public from professional ignorance and quackery. Abroad, an M. D. degree represents a reality. In Great Britain there are at present twenty medical bodies with legal power to examine physicians and surgeons; without a license from one of these no one can practise medicine. For over half a century none has held a more honorable position than the Apothecaries' Society, the first to admit a woman to its examinations, and the first promptly to exclude all other women. To this distinguished association, in 1864, Miss Garrett (now Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M. D.) presented herself for examination, having secured by private instruction the required knowledge. There being no restriction on account of sex in the act of Parliament creating the society, and Miss Garrett having passed its examinations with high credit, it had to grant her a diploma, by which she became a licentiate of the corporation, and obtained the legal right to practise medicine. But these British wiseacres did not propose to be caught napping again, and immediately after Miss Garrett's triumph the Apothecaries' Society passed a regulation to the effect that any one desiring its diploma must have attended lectures given in a recognized school. At that time women were admitted to no recognized school; therefore this rule was ample to exclude them from the examinations. Even after the establishment of the London School of Medicine for Women in 1874 the society persistently refused to recognize it, although it is recognized by the eight examining-boards, which admit women." No reasons were ever given for this refusal, the reply being invariably "that the medical examiners of the Apothecaries' Society decline to recognize the school." Fortunately a Nemesis lurks behind every act of injustice, and sooner or later punishes it.

In 1886, under a new medical act, various leading London medical societies organized conjointly a system of examinations from which the Society of Apothecaries was strictly excluded. Possibly it may be said of companies, as of individuals, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The examinations at the Society of Apothecaries have become much more stringent. The General Medical Council now appoints the examiners in medicine and surgery, and supervises the examinations in a very thorough manner. *To these newly arranged examinations women are admitted.* They are of the most searching character; the examiners are men of high standing in the profession, who are doing their duty so conscientiously as to command the respect and admiration even of candidates whom they have rejected."

Thus we see that, after twenty-four years of sullen refusal of such opportunity to women, Miss McDonald has, without fear or favor, successfully inscribed her name beside that of Dr. Garrett-Anderson on the roll of the Society of Apothecaries.

"The mills of god grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

The bold conduct of Miss Garrett in demanding, after private study, the endorsement of the Apothecaries' Society in England was followed in Scotland by the admission (1869) of Miss Sophia Jex-Blake and four other ladies as medical students at the University of Edinburgh. It was agreed that their instruction should be "identical" with that for men students, but "at different hours."

Hardly had it been made, however, before the canny Scots repented them of their bargain, and during the next few years Miss Jex-Blake and her fellow-martyrs were not merely "pealed" and insulted by riotous male students, but were denied by the very university which had matriculated them and taken their fees, their legal right to instruction, examination, and a diploma. Refused lectures or examinations by one great corporation after another, these women were advised to follow the example of others and go to Paris, Zurich, or Berlin. Dr. Jex-Blake felt any such necessity to be "radically unjust," and pronounced it "most discreditable to Great Britain that all her daughters who desired a university education should be driven abroad to seek it." Only a small number of women could be expected thus to expatriate themselves, and those who did so would have to incur the great additional difficulty and disadvantage of studying all the departments of medical science in a foreign language, and under teachers whose experience had been acquired in a different climate and under different social conditions from our own." A "recognized school" for women in Great Britain was the only possible solvent to the great injustice.

Noble coadjutors in such a scheme were found, notably three able physicians—Dr. King Chambers, Dr. Anstie, and Mr. Norton. The London School of Medicine for Women was opened on a modest scale in October, 1874—twenty-three students attending the first year. A history of its struggles for funds, clinical advantages, and legal recognition is out of place here; nor is there time for recounting Dr. Jex-Blake's later successful efforts to secure medical training for women in Scotland, and a hospital for women and children in Edinburgh under charge of women physicians. Suffice it to repeat that in the very city where fifteen years ago she was so unchivalrously treated that an indignant old professor remarked to her, "Well, ye

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Editorial Contributors.

PROF. ELLEN A. HAYES, ANGIE PECK, '90.

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Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodlue, Room 18, Wellesley College

Inter-Collegiate News.

Count von Moltke has sent to Cornell for three months' use a large number of priceless volumes from the archives of the empire.

Outing is publishing a series of articles on "Athletics at Harvard." These will be followed by similar papers on "Athletics at Yale."

It is said that Minister Phelps has been called to the Presidency of Columbia, and that he will accept it upon his return from England.

The entire edition of 1000 copies of *Technique* the annual publication of the students of the Mass. Institute of Technology, was sold within two hours.

This is the way an exchange prints a list of the lowest annual expenses possible at various colleges: Harvard, \$700; Yale, \$650; Amherst, \$400; Boston University, \$375; Syracuse, \$3.50; Wellesley, \$3.50.

More college students come from Connecticut in proportion to population than from any other State. She sends one to every 549 persons, while Pennsylvania is way down the list with one to every 981 persons.

Our Magazine, published by the students of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, is one of our most interesting exchanges. An article on the "Cambridge Training School" gives a delightful glimpse of the college life of our English sisters, and the good English used throughout the forty pages of the publication is especially noticeable.

In the January *Atlantic*, Prof. Shaler of Harvard college declares that the physical condition of the average student at that college is vastly better than it was a score of years ago. He thinks that a high measure of physical activity tends to postpone the period of mental maturity, but believes that the final development is finer and much more satisfactory, where there has been an intelligent use of field sports and physical exercise.

It is to be hoped that some of our readers will find it desirable to subscribe for the *Collegian*, a publication that most thoroughly deserves to be patronized by undergraduates. The January number has already been noticed in the *COURANT*. In the eclectic and critical columns we come upon warm praise of our Wellesley paper. Miss Lauderburn's article "A Plea For Out-of-Doors" is copied in full and extracts from our Dulce column are quoted with a kindly encomium.

IN MEMORIAM.

Gertrude Brown.

REV. J. H. MILLER.

The death of Miss Gertrude Brown, of the class of '86, has produced widespread sorrow. In the several circles where she was known she was regarded with unusual affection. Her character was one of rare attractiveness and those who knew her soon learned to love her.

The story of her beautiful young life may readily be told so far as its outline of facts is concerned. She was born August 13, 1866. At the early age of five she appeared to come into consciousness of the love of Christ for her and in her eleventh year she made a public confession of her Saviour and united with the church. From her childhood she engaged heartily in Christian work.

She entered Wellesley College in 1882. In her class she was warmly beloved. The atmosphere of the college was congenial to her and in it her spiritual life grew in beauty. She illustrated the love that seeks not its own. There was that in her very face which told of the sweet spirit of unselfishness, and her daily life in the college was a record of daily ministry to all with whom she mingled.

At the close of her college course in 1886 she returned to the home of her parents in Philadelphia. Immediately her influence began to be felt in the church of which she was a member. She at once sought opportunities of doing good. The superintendent of the Sabbath school, in which she was a teacher, writes since her death: "A sweet life has come to a close. I do not recall any one who, under the circumstances, better illustrated Christian character than did Gertrude. I have often watched her in her class and thought of the influence she was exerting upon her boys." Another, an active worker in the same church and Sabbath school, writes also to her parents in a letter of consolation: "How grateful I am for the good work done in so many ways by your dear daughter who has now been called to better and nobler service beyond!"

As touching upon her personal character, an extract from another letter is given. A friend who knew her writes: "In all my intercourse with young women I never knew one whose life was so permeated with goodness, purity and holiness. One could not be in her company without feeling the beauty of Christianity and getting added strength for nobler living."

One part of her church work in which she was specially interested was that of the Temperance Band, in connection with the Society of Christian Endeavor. Of this she was president and leader. This band provided and maintained a boys' free reading room, which was open in the evening with books, games, and various forms of instruction and entertainment. Gertrude gave her whole heart to this work and her influence over the boys who attended was very great and will be enduring.

But it was in her own home that this beloved young woman left the holiest memory and the deepest and richest impression. Her long course of education in no sense unfitted her for sweet domesticity. She brought back from the college a life enriched by training and developed in all its faculties, and consecrated it to the service of the Master in the home where she had grown up. It was here that the richest beauty of her character revealed itself. She proved herself a true, strong, unselfish, practical woman. She quietly took upon herself the burdens of the household, showing the most delicate thoughtfulness as well as great wisdom and faithfulness. As a hostess and entertainer she manifested those gentle graces and courtesies which are the marks of a true Christian refinement, while she retained in all circumstances and experiences her sweet child-like simplicity of manner. Her life the last two years was another proof that the true education of woman does not unfit her for the practical work of womanhood, in the home, in church, in society, but on the other hand trains her for doing with added skill and efficiency the plainest duties that may fall to her lot.

Gertrude Brown's last two years will remain a bright and holy memory in the hearts of her own family, a fit crowning of a life of rare beauty and blessing. Every day some new line of loveliness appeared in her character, some new fruit of the Spirit, some new feature of Christlikeness. It appears now that she has been taken home, as if she had been unconsciously yet surely ripening for the blessed change—as if her Master had been preparing her for the place he was preparing for her and for the service to which he was about to promote her.

Questions will come thronging in spite of our faith, in spite of our desire to submit to our Father's will. Why was this fair and promising young life cut off so early? Why, just when her education had been completed and she seemed ready to begin to do noble work for her Lord, was she taken away from earth that has such need of consecrated service? To these questions there is but one answer: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Faith tells us that the same love took her away which first gave her and which has permitted her to stay on the earth these twenty-two bright, beautiful years. It tells us also that her education has not been in vain, since her life that was so carefully trained for work here, as friends fondly hoped, has been called to higher service nearer to Christ. Then we must not distress ourselves with the thought that her work here has not been finished. All that was hers to do in this world she did. God has other hands in training to do the beautiful things we thought it was her mission to do.

"Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone,
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all,
Near to thee it chanced to fall,

Close enough to stir thy brain
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterlay a babe was born;
He shall do the waiting task.
'Tis enough of joy for thee,
His high service to foresee."

So we thank God for the beautiful life that even for so brief a ministry He left in this world to bless it. Its memory will stay in our hearts like a holy vision for long years to come. Its influence will linger like a precious perfume touching our lives with its sweetness. We should all be better, tenderer, holier, truer, more like Christ, with the benediction of such a life resting upon us.

College Days.

A CLASS-MATE.

No one could have spent four years in College with Gertrude Brown without feeling, however slight the acquaintance, that hers was a wonderfully pure, sweet character. Shy, quiet girl though she was, she very soon found her way to the hearts of all and endeared herself to teachers and students alike.

Though among the youngest in her class, none could have been better fitted intellectually for the college work. She possessed a scholarly mind, rare quickness of intuition, and accuracy of judgment. Her preparation for class was made rapidly, yet with great thoroughness. To all her studies she gave the same deep interest, accurate work and faithful preparation. Her love of study was almost a passion with her, yet she never allowed it to usurp the foremost place in her mind, or to crowd out higher interests. She was never too absorbed in her lessons to give help or sympathy to any who came to her, and many of our class, older though they were, learned to depend upon her unselfish love, and to look up to her clearer judgment and deeper spiritual experience. So her development was never one-sided. The college life could not unfit for home duties one who, while fully appreciating the advantages of a thorough education and improving every opportunity for gaining it, still realized that study is not in itself an end, but a means of preparation for future work. Her intellectual ideals were high; she hoped to pursue her studies further and had made many plans with that end in view, but God, who is wiser than we, had higher purposes to carry out for her, and will Himself teach her all the lessons she longed to know.

Gertrude was a regular attendant upon the prayer meetings: they were always to her the greatest possible help in her spiritual life. In the section meetings she took an especial interest, and the girls of her section were very dear to her.

The influence which she wielded in the college was very quiet, but very potent. No one could be associated with her in any way without being impressed by the consistency and purity of her Christian life, while to those who knew her best, the beauty of her character became more apparent day by day. The secret of her influence lay not so much in her words—though her quick sympathy always prompted her to speak the "word in season"—as in her straight-forward, unhesitating obedience to the Master. Hers was a truly consecrated life, half-hearted service was impossible to her, yet coupled with her earnestness was a quietness of spirit eminently characteristic of her, so deep and abiding that she seemed to carry with her always the very peace of God.

What her friendship was to her newest friends can be shown only in its influence on our lives; no words can tell it. God grant that the memory of her pure young life may make ours more true, earnest and loving, till by His grace we may be fitted to meet her in our Father's House!

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